

## [Hackies' Stories]

Wash 1/4

FOLKLORE

NEW YORK Forms to be Filled out for Each Interview

FORM A Circumstances of Interview Dup

STATE New York

NAME OF WORKER Marion Charles Hatch

ADDRESS 862 First Ave.

DATE Dec. 12, 1938

SUBJECT HACKIES' STORIES (SECOND INSTALLMENT)

1. Date and time of interview

Thursday evening, Dec. 8, 1938

2. Place of interview

TAXI DRIVERS UNION OF GREATER NEW YORK,

UNION HIRING HALL, 1947 BROADWAY

3. Name and address of informant

These stories are by Max Brand, Ruby Moscovitz, Sidney Gurewsky, and Jack Ryan.

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4. Name and address of person, if any, who put you in touch with informant.

5. Name and address of person, if any, accompanying you

6. Description of room, house, surroundings, etc.

Because of the Circumstances surrounding the collection of these stories I am not at present filling out forms B and D. IF STORIES ARE USED PLEASE CHANGE INFORMANTS' NAMES

FOLKLORE

NEW YORK

FORM C Text of Interview (Unedited)

STATE New York

NAME OF WORKER Marion Charles Hatch

ADDRESS 862 First Ave.

DATE Dec. 12, 1938

SUBJECT HACKIES' STORIES, (SECOND INSTALLMENT.) THE ARISTOCRAT

Told by Max Brand

I was coming up Broadway and I got to Park Row. I looked around and I got a hail from across the street. Traffic was pretty heavy but I managed to turn around and an aristocratic looking man, with glasses and a foreign accent, got into my car. He asked me which is the largest bank in the city of New York. So I said I wasn't sure but it was either the Chase

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National Bank or the National City Bank. "Well" he said, "Take me to the Chase National Bank first." When I got there he told me to wait for him and he left a book in my car.

He went inside and was in there about fifteen minutes and came out with a disgusted look on his face. He said, "I can't understand you Americans." He said, "Take me to that other bank you mentioned." I took him to the National City Bank. He went in there and was there about a half hour. I was waiting for him all the time. Then he came walking out with another man dressed in civilian clothes and without even noticing me walked down Wall Street toward the East River. I figured that this man probably had some business in some other building in the neighborhood he didn't want to bother me to drive him a short distance. I waited a while and then I saw the bank guard come out of the bank, look around and go in again. I waited 2 some more then I got sort of leary. I walked into the bank and I asked the guard what happened to this aristocratic looking man with the German accent.

He said to me, "Why that man is crazy. He came in here and demanded money. He thought that he had the divine right from God to go into any bank and ask for money." He said, "Our bank detective just took him down to the Broad Street Hospital." But he said "You don't have to worry. You'll get paid because he had twenty dollars in his pocket." I jumped into my taxicab and rove down to Broad Street Hospital. The attendant at the desk told me that the man was here and that they sent him up in an ambulance with a police officer to Bellevue Hospital, to the psychopathic ward. I jumped into my cab again, my meter going all the time, I figgered, "if I get stuck I'll get stuck right," and I drove up to the Bellevue Hospital.

I looked all over the psychopathic ward and I could not get any information about him. I was walking through and I was just about to leave when I noticed my customer sitting at a desk and talking to a nurse and there was a police officer standing near by. I hollered, "There he is," and I immediately started to accuse him, in a loud tone of voice, and

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demanded my money. I also showed the book that he left in my cab to prove that he was the owner of it. He denied that he had ever seen me. But the book was proof enough.

I started to holler some more. I told the nurse that I know he's got money and that I want to get paid. When the police officer heard that he called me on the side. He said, "Dont't make such a racket in a hospital." He says meet me on the corner of 25th St. and first Ave. and I'll see what I can do for you. So I went down and waited for him there. In about ten minutes he came down. He said to me, "How much is on the meter?" "I said there was \$7.50 on the meter." He said, O.K. Have you got change of \$20?" Well I went to a cigar store and I got him his change and he gave me \$10.00. I felt so good I drove him down to his precinct. Of course he kept \$10.00 for himself.

\*\*\*\*\* 3 SIZING 'EM UP!

Told by Sidney Gurowsky.

I was picked up by two fellows at the new Madison Square bowl, Long Island. They were desperate looking guys too. They took me to a place on Queensboro and they blowed me. They called me in for a drink. So when I went in nobody knew these guys. Usually somebody knows them. So I figured I was paying for them. You know. Well they take me out to Middle Village two blocks before Glendale. It was a good ride, four dollars and change., and they take me out on the cemetary road. On one side there was the cemetery. On the other side there were no houses at all. So I figured here's where I get the business. There was \$4.30 on the watch. I'll never forget that what do you think they gave me \$5.00! But when they said, "all right, Mack, pull over on the side. Oh Boy!" They even said, "Do you know how to get back, Mack?" So you can't figure what you're getting on a cab.

On the other hand listen to this one. I had about fifteen minutes to pick up a steady rider. You know a steady rider rides everyday at the same time. A fellow comes out dressed formal, full dress and everything else. You figure in fifteen minutes you can grab it. He takes you out to Avenue N. Brooklyn, at first I argued with him but he said, "You'll be back

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in ten minutes.” Then you get out to Avenue N. He says, “Pull in right in back of the car. Just an you pull in back of the car a fellow comes out of the back of the car and he says to you,” O. K. Mack, Stick 'em up!. Get em up!” and took everything out. Then he cut the wires on the motor, and cracked the plugs. Then said, “Don't open your mouth for the next half hour”.

This guy that looked good was a stickup guy. The other guys that looked so rough tipped me seventy cents.

\*\*\*\*\* 4 \$5.00 TO BOOT.

Told by Jack Ryan.

Some big affair in New York City, Legionaires were here. There was a big ball, somewhere, given by the legionaires of this particular town to their friends. A driver was hailed by a man on Fifth Avenue. Beside one of the hotels on Fifth Avenue. A man and wife. Dressed in evening clothes, they told him to take them to this place where the ball was to be held and on the way there the man and his wife was arguin'. He figured they didn't have evening clothes with them and they hired them in New York City. This man was supposed to have gone out and bought himself a pair of shoes and he was wearing brown shoes.

So he asked the driver to take him where he could buy some shoes. All the stores were closed. It was too late. So they finished up by the driver asking the man what size shoes he wore. Size eights and it happened that the driver also wore eights. The driver had on a pair of Tom McCann shoes that he bought for couple of bucks. The passenger had a pair of brown shoes on that cost him about ten or fifteen bucks. It wound up by the driver changing shoes with the passenger for five dollars to boot.

\*\*\*\*\* N. Y. CITY REGULATIONS

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told by Ruby Moscovitz

New taxi drivers going to work for Parmelee as a general rule don't know the rules and regulations much. A man jumps in to a new driver's cab, "Quick Go around the block in a hurry!" Having gone around once the passenger said, "Go around again." Then he paid 25 cents. After this the driver looked in the cab in the back and found that the man had vomited. He goes to a cop, "Hey! What will I do with this? A man goes around a couple of blocks and leaves this in my cab!" The cop says, "Well, you know the city regulations. If nobody calls for it in three days you can keep it!"

\*\*\*\*\* 5 BARKING SHADOW

Told by Jack Ryan

This happened over in Brooklyn, another Jack Ryan worked for the Parmelee system. The boys at the stand figured they would have a joke on him so they put big police dog in the back of the car while they were in for a cup of coffee. The fellow came out and didn't look in the back of the cab. He started cruising, looking for a passenger. One of the company's supervisors, seeing a shadow in the back of the car, called him over and accused him of riding with his stick up. Then an argument developed between them and the driver indignantly denied a passenger. The supervisor threw the door open "Look here," he said, and the police dog leaped out and scared the wits out of him.

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